Volume LXXIX CHICAGO, August 30, 1917 Number 27

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Jesus the Founder of Christianity and the Master of Men

Four Sermons by the Editor of UNITY to be printed as near as maybe in successive numbers of UNITY during the month of September.

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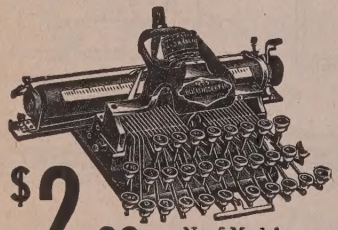

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXIX THURSDAY, AUGUST 30, 1917 Number 27

HOPE.

"Lord that our eyes may be opened"
That we may be shown the light,
That the goodness that lies within us
May govern instead of our spite.

May the hand that is needed be given,
May our words be pregnant with love,
May the tenderness hid in our bosom
Gush forth as a spring from above.

—Herbert W. Duncanson.

Winthrop D. Lane in the *Survey* for August 11 talks about "making war safe for childhood." How preposterous! War is a menace to childhood *per se,* its fundamental quest is a menace to the home and to the child. The only way to secure safety for the child is to ground arms and furl battle flags. *Cease firing, you baby killers!*

Before this paper reaches our readers the school children will be mustering to their tasks, the text-books must be found, the slates cleaned, and pencils sharpened. The churches newly cleaned will be welcoming home pastor and people who have been off for vacation renewals. The processions of the seasons are regular in their variations, the true worker fits into the helpful routine. "Seed time and harvest shall not fail." "Exceptional" programs, voluntary abandonment of plans or duties "because of the war" are bad economically and worse spiritually. The worst earthquake the world has ever known has been but a passing incident in the history of the globe. So must pass the war, so will survive humanity. Let every one keep on doing the regular work of the world in the good old way, for only by so doing can be best served even the emergencies of war.

Frederic C. Howe in a recent number of the *Public* tries to answer the question, "why men do not go to the farm?" His answer might be summed up thus: Because there are no farms for him to go to. The price of desirable tillable land has gone beyond the reach of the laboring man who has no capital but his hands. And the capitalist who deems it his right to secure reasonable interest on his money "invested" finds it impossible to make farm labor commercially attractive to the intelligent and the ambitious. Democracy is somehow allied to the soil, and even the United States is confronted by the problem which Europe has long since failed to meet, and in that failure European culture and civilization is menaced with decay and death. This problem is, how to put the man who tills the soil in possession of the same, how to convert the millions of acres, held by non-residents for speculative advantage or social amusement, into small farms owned by the farmer and on that account active units in the state. We do not know where the solution is, perhaps no one yet knows how to solve the question, but a solution must be found.

We learn from the *Christian Commonwealth* that at a recent service conducted at the City Temple, Joseph Fort Newton's pulpit, Dr. Burris A. Jenkins of Kansas City, quoted from Tennyson's "Locksley Hall" concerning the "Parliament of man" and the "federation of the world," but omitted from the reading the ghastly prophecy written nearly fifty years ago:

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue.

These lines of Tennyson will always remain one more witness to the poet's foresight born out of his insight. When the proposition was made to neutralize the air at the first Hague Conference in 1899, Andrew D. White tells us the suggestion was dismissed without much consideration on account of its improbability. What Tennyson foresaw in his dream is now in the minds of some United States militarists, the final hope for American conquest. It was an American military man who dismissed the suggestion with a sneer. Thus it is that every devilish invention in the interest of death and destruction has first shocked the nation and then been adopted into the nation's armory, a part of the legitimate equipment of war.

The *Standard,* the Chicago organ of the Baptists, in its issue of August 18 calls timely attention to the neglect of "religion" in public libraries. Of course "religion" in the vocabulary of culture means infinitely more than denominational literature or sectarian publications and this is probably the defense that library managers will offer. But after admitting this argument, religion certainly includes the output of the denominational presses, books that reflect church hopes and interests, and our exchange claims that with the exception of Swedenborgians, Christian Scientists and Mormons, the library shelves of the country are neglected by the denominations. Unity sympathizes with the protest of our neighbor. The denominations

are slowly waking up to the fact that their faith must bloom into literature and that they must seek the avenues offered by culture to spread their message. Is there not an indication of groping in this direction when denominational publishing houses are seeking to escape the limitations of sectarian names? The Congregationalists put out much of their literature through the *"Pilgrim Press,"* and the Unitarians of Boston are issuing their later publications under the imprint of the *"Beacon Press."* Let the good work go on only so the leading books find the best readers within their reach.

Dr. E. G. Updike, pastor of the Congregational Church of Madison, Wis., is more than the Dean of Congrationalism in Wisconsin and more than the beloved pastor of one of the leading churches in the capital city. For twenty-seven years he has held up the banners of thoughtful religion which he has interpreted in terms of social growth and scientific discovery. The students of the great university who have waited upon his ministry and profited by his wisdom are numbered by the thousands. The announcement that he is to officially relinquish his pastorate on the first of October, at the end of so many years of faithful service, will touch tenderly a great number of people who live beyond the technical confines of his parish. Mr. Updike's name was for many years to be found among our editorial contributors. He gave active sympathy to the Parliament of Religion and, so far as possible, active co-operation with the Congress of Religion, of which board he was a member. He has wrought well for Madison, for Congregationalism, and through this service for the state and for humanity. He retires to a well earned rest at his beautiful farm home at Lake Mills. The Madison parish must look well to find a worthy successor to Mr. Updike. He must be a forward looking man, one touched with the striving, struggling, sweating, horny-handed world of labor, none the less in touch with the inquiring, thinking, white-handed men with toiling brains.

William Kent with characteristic clearness undertakes to answer the question, in the *Public* of August 17, "Why Prices are High?" His reasons are not of the conventional sort and they strike deeper than the superficial epigrams of those who think that all the ills of the present day are traceable to the "Huns." Mr. Kent discovers a fundamental depreciation in the purchasing power of gold traceable to illy distributed population, illy devised transportation, war as affecting the flow of foreign trade, besides the absurd wastefulness of a metallic standard which is made necessary on account of stupidity and dishonesty of men and governments. He also discovers one element in our distress arising from the vast army engaged in the liquor traffic, pure waste. Men are working hard to do useless things, sometimes doing the wrong thing in the right place and the right thing in the wrong place. But this article renders an abstract impossible, it is too packed with facts and arguments. It is gratifying to know that Mr. Kent is at the present time a member of the tariff commission that is called upon to revise a system "built upon past prosperity." We are confronted, he tells us, by the problems of the public ownership of utilities, transportation, transmission of intelligence and probably natural resources, most of all the land itself. We dare not try to follow his arguments further, but we hope that our easy-going "philanthropists," our complacent "economists," the cocksure "masters of trade" and "captains of industry" will take time to read this article and see whether they have lost their power of original thinking.

We have frequently called attention to the lamentable growth of cigarette smoking among American youths as well as among American women. A false patriotism now finds special outlet in pandering to the "dear boys'" love of cigarettes. In the recent notice of a reception to be given to a parting company, we read of a special cigarette fund raised and that "Professor ——, assisted by young ladies," was to make the distribution. We are glad to find that our friends in India are sensitive to the growing danger. We clip the following from *The Messenger,* published in Calcutta:

STUDENTS AND SMOKING:—It is now a common sight to see little children smoking either in the streets or in the squares. The despicable cigarette is doing duty for the traditional hooka to the immense injury of the undeveloped body and brain. Some sort of check on the growing habit has been urgently called for. The circular letter issued by the Asst. Director, Public Instruction, Bengal, to Inspecting Officers and Heads of educational institutions has not come a day too soon. The letter runs:

"Sir,—It has been brought to the notice of the Director of Public Instruction, Bengal, that the habit of smoking cigarettes among the boys in schools and colleges in the Presidency of Bengal is prevalent and on the increase. It is necessary that steps should be taken to check the growth of the habit in view of the permanent injury to the constitution that may result from acquiring it at an early age. The Director of Public instruction considers that every effort should be made to prevent boys from acquiring the habit and Headmasters of Schools and Principals of Colleges and Madrasahs are requested strictly to prohibit the sale of cigarettes on the premises of their institutions and also to forbid students to smoke on or outside those premises. They should occasionally hold informal talks in the class-rooms pointing out to the boys the evil effects on the constitution of the young of tobacco-smoking or using any intoxicating substance. They should also exert a healthy influence upon their pupils by abstaining from smoking on the school premises or at any rate by not smoking before the pupils.

"Boys disobeying the order should in the first instance be warned. They should be punished for all subsequent offences."

Is Christianity Practicable?

The question forced upon the man of the church by the great war is the subject of a recent book by Professor William Adams Brown, Ph. D., of Union Seminary. While the terms used to convey the thought of the author are mostly those of orthodox Christianity, yet the theme has been well thought out and expresses well-assured convictions. And the idea of Christianity held is the broad notion of brotherhood and a father-like will at the heart of all.

Dr. Brown does not minimize the significance of the question, "Has Christianity Failed?" He admits that it is forced upon us by the fact that the churches made no united protest against the wholesale violation of the gospel they proclaimed but rather soon came to support their various governments, in the use of the sword. The only answer is that likewise science and education and all international organization failed, and the admission that the churches have been recreant to the task unfaithful to their opportunity in that they have not insisted that Christianity be tried in practical application to the affairs of nations. They have betrayed their trust.

Nations have been allowed to follow the leadership of men whose creed has been that national self interest was the only safe guiding principle for political activity, and the churches have not demanded obedience to the law of right and love. He calls attention to the way in which the press, the school and the pulpit have been used as agents by those who sought to turn men from peace to war, by creating a spirit of suspicion, of jealousy, of fear and hatred; and urges that in remaking the world the men who occupy the Christian point of view must be as bold and as comprehensive in their plans for influencing public opinion toward their way of thinking. A story which he reports illustrates the power of the press in stirring up hate. Two crippled English soldiers were working in a munition factory. One had a deformed limb and the other had lost an eye. The former said: "It seems a shame to make things as cripples. Sometimes I think one of my shells might twist a German's leg off, same's mine, and I feel a bit sorry. When that happens, I 'ave to 'ave a read at a newspaper about poisoned gases." It is thus the papers fan the fire of hatred, just as our own papers are now reiterating the hatred the Germans have for us.

The way out, the duty of the hour as the author sees it, is "to educate for humanity," as over against narrow nationalism and the patriotism that cries "My country, right or wrong." And he urges that this be done on the great grand scope which marks the work of the makers of war; and it must be done with the same heroic spirit of sacrifice that has characterized the lives of the young who in every land have answered the call of country. In this he sees the opportunity for the new church that shall arise from the present time of destruction. He protests against allowing the militarist a monopoly of the good word "preparedness," and urges this for the realization of the great vision of a lasting peace resting upon righteousness and love. In support of this vision he quotes Nietzsche, showing an understanding of the great original thinker which is usually lacking on the part of those who quote him. This quotation is so appropriate to this troublous time that I append it here:

> Perhaps a memorable day will come when a nation renowned in wars and victories, distinguished by the highest development of military order and intelligence, and accustomed to make the highest sacrifices to these objects, will voluntarily exclaim, "We break our swords" and will break its whole military system, lock, stock and barrel. Making ourselves defenseless (after having been the most strongly defended) from loftiness of sentiment—that is the means toward genuine peace, which must always rest upon a pacific disposition. The so-called armed peace that prevails at present in all countries is a sign of a bellicose disposition, of a disposition that trusts neither itself nor its neighbor, and, partly from hate, partly from fear, refuses to lay down its weapons. Better perish than hate and fear, and twice as far better to perish than to make oneself hated and feared. This must some day become the supreme maxim of every political community.

**Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.* H. F. B.

Water Extinguishes Fire

The *Woman Citizen* extracts this touching story from Albert Rhys Williams' "In the Claws of the German Eagle," which is psychologically true to life. It points the way to the higher diplomacy; it illustrates the ever conquering heroism that conquers the conquerors:

> On the line of March Belgian homes were razed and tragedy followed tragedy. But one peasant woman saved her little vine-covered home with buckets of water and a pleasant smile. She stood by the side of the road as the thirsty Uhlans came along and held out cups of water. One by one the soldiers broke rank and snatched her proffered cup. Perhaps a dozen men tore off their helmets and made signs to the woman to wet the sponge inside which they held out to her. A mounted officer spied the oasis and came to have his horse watered. Bucket after bucket was commandeered from the houses of neighbors who had fled. When the officer tried to talk with her in the language of signs, they both failed "and both laughed, though I thought," says Williams, "her mirth was a bit forced. I do not remember any finer episode than that enacted in this region where the sky was red with flames from the neighbors' houses and the lintels red with blood from their veins. A frail little soul with only spiritual weapons, she fought for her hearth against a venging host in arms; facing those rough, war-stained men, she forced her trembling body to outward calm and graciousness. Her nerve was not unappreciated. Not one soldier returned his cup without a word of thanks and a look of admiration.
>
> "Three months later, passing through this region as a prisoner, I glimpsed the little cottage still standing in its plot by the flowing river. I want to visit it again after the war. It will always be to me a shrine of the spirit's splendid daring."

A LOST COMRADE

You live as the world has bade you do:
Only the sleeping soul of you
Lies unawakened by wind or dew.

Your soul, that thrilled like a harpstring shaken,
Dusty hands of the world have taken
And thrust it deeper than aught can waken:

You who quickened our heavy eyes,
Our hearts weighed down beyond will to rise
With silver shadows of Paradise!

Were it only your heart that the years had broken
Still should be for a shining token
How your soul had glowed and your lips had spoken!

Were it only your life that was crusht and through!
. . . They have taken the starry soul of you
And hidden it deep from the wind and dew!

—*Margaret Widdemer.*

THE PULPIT

Jesus the Founder of Christianity and the Master of Men

I.

As He Appeared to His Contemporaries—The Carpenter's Son

A Sermon Preached by Jenkin Lloyd Jones at All Souls Church, Chicago, May 9, 1915.

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MAY JOHNSON

Besetting mystery, all-enveloping power, source of light and love, in whom we live and move and have our being, we would be touched this morning with new faith in the triumphing power of truth and justice. We would be consoled this morning with a reinforcement of our confidence that justice and love will triumph in time and eternity. Touch us anew with a sense of the brotherhood that overreaches battle lines, that overlays the contentions of men. May our ears be open this morning to hear the sweet music of hope and trust and love. Recommit us, Father, to the thought of brotherhood, world inclusive, without end. Amen.

How did the Master appear to those who knew him? To arrive at a rational answer to this question we must not seek him *in* the Gospels but *through* the Gospels. We must read between the lines, for it is pretty certain that forty years or more had elapsed since the tragedy was enacted on Calvary before the earliest compilation of the facts which have come down to our time, and they all had been enlarged and enriched by the loving enthusiasm of his followers. He was born into a time seething with expectations and turbulent with agitations, a time of distress and uncertainty. We read much between the lines of the earlier Gospels, particularly the Gospel of Mark, the oldest, most unpremeditated and unscholarly of the records that survive. This narrative reflects many of the ideas and opinions current at the time of its compilers. Here we come upon two or three discoveries an account of which will serve as an introduction to the four attempts to tell the life and study the character of the Nazarene. A brief account of these discoveries will form the subject matter of my four succeeding sermons.

Here, unquestionably, was a rustic, the son of a carpenter, and Mark says "*the* carpenter." Here is a man rural in his training and habits. He was, unquestionably, not an agitator but a reformer. We find the youth seeking the acquaintance and inspiration of John the Baptist, the over-shadowed fore-runner, and accepting as the only outward symbol of religion the newly revived but ancient rite of baptism indicative of a better purpose, a purpose to reform. We find a man who is an idealist, in whose heart there grew a hope of a new order of things. This new order that he proclaimed was not a new ecclesiasticism. He had broken with the conventions of the synagogue. He offended the proprieties of the priest. He carried his ministry, whatever it was, out of Temple limits into the great out-of-doors. He was at home under the blue skies of Palestine. He found his spiritual environment by the road side, the lake shore and the mountain side. Clearly he did not anticipate a political millennium. "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," he said. He refused to enter into the partisan life of the day.

But clearly he stood for an ethical revolution. Whatever else the times were to bring they promised a renewed enforcement of the moral law. His appeal was ever to the inner life.

Dr. Crooker estimates that there are least two hundred statements in the Gospels ascribed to Jesus, and all of these can be clearly classified as ethical statements. He counts also twenty-five parables which he considers the unquestioned contribution of Jesus to the literature of religion. And all these parables hinge on the law of the spirit, of ethical righteousness.

So, whatever Jesus was, he stood for a reform not to be entrusted to or accomplished through ecclesiastical agencies. He kept himself clear of the agitations and hot discussions of the politicians of his time. He stood for the moral law as revealed in his own inner consciousness and as gleaned from the traditions of the prophets, the teachings of home and synagogue. He did concern himself with an ethical kingdom, the kingdom which most of the Gospel writers loved to call "The Kingdom of God," though Matthew, the most Hebraic of the biographers, seems to prefer the phrase, "Kingdom of Heaven." Whatever that kingdom was to be, it was to be democratic. Whatever it was, it was something inclusive. It was to be sought and found in the present tense, right there and then, right here and now. The universalism of Jesus has been too little appreciated and consequently too little emphasized. Jesus proved by no elaborate process of scholastic logic but by the parable of the Good Samaritan, and his conversation with the woman at the Well that here was a man above race, political or theological prejudices. The parable of the Good Samaritan is not a lesson in charity but a rebuke to prejudice. The great point emphasized was not that a man had taken care of an unfortunate victim of robbers, but that a Samaritan had taken care of an unfortunate Jew.

The wise sentences that dropped from the Master's lips at the well in Samaria stand as golden texts in the philosophy of religion; and here again the significant thing lies not in his enunciation of the great truths of universal sanctity and an ever present divinity,—not on this mount nor yet in Jerusalem, but wherever the loyal spirit is, there is Jehovah to be worshipped,—but in his declaration of this law of the spiritual kingdom to a Samaritan and a woman. This shows his independence and his splendid universalism.

The next assertion which we can safely make is that he manifested to those gathered about him a hopeful view of human nature, a tender regard for the unfortunate and the fallen. The parable of the Prodigal Son embodies for all time the faith that somehow the central power of the universe is in league with the forces that seek the betterment of men and the reclamation of sinners. The hospitalities of the Divine are ever open to the prodigal who seeks again the father's face. The oft-questioned passage, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone," is established by internal evidence as born out of his heart, and equally characteristic were his words to the condemned woman, "Since no man accuses thee, neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more."

One thing more. This rustic, this carpenter, this man of the rural districts, this man of the out-of-doors, who was a thorn in the side of the ecclesiastics, who hoped little from the so-called politicians,

was, to use a much damaged modern word, a Pacifist. Put into that word all that your philosophy can, push it to its extreme statement, and this man, who represents the crowning triumph of history, in whose name savage continents have been tamed and brutal races have been modified, claims it and is entitled to it. The highest civilization of our day reaches back to one who in dire extremity, when the law of self defense was urgent, said to the impetuous, violent one, the militant on his staff, "Put up thy sword! My kingdom is not of this world." And however urgent your reactionary and belligerent philosophy may be for self defense, the sublime fact remains that the distrusted carpenter, the unprotected Nazarene, scored the greatest victory ever recorded in history, as judged by the sequence, by giving up the life he would not defend. How easily he might have yielded to the current philosophy of self defense and for the time being promoted his righteous cause by violence.

As we read between the lines of this pitiably inadequate record, we discover that once at least the cause of peace found a radical exponent who was able to demonstrate to the centuries that followed the higher potency of love, the conquering power of submission, the triumph of high defeat, the invincible power of justice.

I shrink at this time from discussing the present wicked war situation, but I was greatly impressed at one of the earlier meetings in New York City of the Board of the Church Peace Union, of which I am a member, when in the presence of some twenty-eight ministers who constitute the directorate, the chairman, Bishop Greer, stepped out from the chair and said in substance, as I undertsood him: "You ministers, as you go back to your work and your talking, are in the habit of glorifying the Master who sacrificed his life for truth. You have counted him the Savior of men, but his crown came because of his confidence that ultimately love, not force, will triumph. All the way down through the ages have we glorified the Martyr. May it not be that some day in the development of human progress there will be need of a martyr nation that will be willing to bear its cross and endure the agony of Gethsemane, and perchance score its victory on Calvary? I leave it with you as it is left with me."

In the face of all the gruesome facts of history that seem to reinforce the philosophy of armies, I turn to the supreme triumph of Calvary as an exposition of the fallacy of the preparedness for war as a means of securing peace. Because of this demonstration, I still believe that the nation which dares practice what it believes, even though it be on the lonely heights of Calvary, is in the way of finding the unbroken life that will perpetuate itself in the better order of humanity.

In my next study I will try to show how the generations immediately following, with Paul at their head, came to regard this rustic reformer, who died a rustic, who put the emphasis of religion on ethics and sought to establish a kingdom of virtue for this world.

Following this we will see how this simple leader in the spiritual realm was caught up by the eager, hungry heart of the world, and fitted into the great, open vacancy in the Jewish scheme, crowned as the Messiah and elevated into the supernatural Christ, an intermediary between earth and heaven.

Now, to restate the lesson. We find here a man who came into the stormy center of what was then the civilized world and so stated the laws of ethics that he started a stream of enthusiasm which has continued to flow through nineteen centuries. In the book of Mark we come upon Jesus as a revivalist in the true Methodist sense. Perhaps one of the best analogies in history to this story is that stream of spiritual fervor which, led by John Wesley, in a smaller but lasting way, consumed so large a part of the crudities and selfishnesses of England.

Reading from no less a historian than Green we learn that, great as was the religious revolution led by the Wesleys, and social revolution of which they were the forerunners, it was not so great as the economic. The England we boast of, the cultured England, the democratic England, the Britain that some of us rejoice in in spite of its burden of militarism, received from John Wesley a stronger formative touch than from any other man of his century.

Again the analogy carries us back to Savonarola, the obscure monk, who dethroned corruption in Florence, brought dismay to bosses and grafters, and laid the foundation of a new Italy.

But perhaps a better analogy than any of these lies in the revolution brought about by Francis of Assisi, a man so great, as his biographers tell us, that none of us have yet begun to understand his greatness. He went out, like the Carpenter from Nazareth, not to deal with politicians, not to glorify the sword, not to train with bishops and priests, but as "A Little Brother of the Poor," and medieval Europe, through the influence of his ministry, became modern Europe.

Christianity is a complex thing, the confluence of many streams. So far as Jesus, the Nazarene, made the initial contribution, it was a contribution in the interest of ethics, a contribution in the interest of democracy, of the universal kingdom of man and the unbroken brotherhood resting in the thought of a universal fatherhood.

Father, give us the comfort of a higher hope, of a broader love and a clearer conscience. Amen.

OFF CHATHAM BARS

Light, and the cry of the wild dove flying
  Over the pathless sunset home,
Out of the mist of sighing waters
  Into the silent dying foam.

Nightfall slowly hushing to stillness,
  Murmur of shingle slipping down,
Throbbing pulse of the passionate spirit
  Brooding over the sleeping town.

The veins of the world are flooding inward,
  Earth-flame curls in the running blood,
And flesh, an island in chartless oceans,
  Scourged by the lash of the flying scud.

Flowers in stars of adoration,
  Chaunting loud to the singing tide,
Wind and moon and waters obeying,
  Bridegroom flaming unto the Bride.

—Edward J. O'Brien.

The Ministrant Life

Sermon delivered in Pulpit of All Souls Church, Abraham Lincoln Centre, Sunday, July 28, 1917, by Harry Foster Burns

Great personalities reveal themselves in their reaction to the incidental situations into which they come. Their every word and act radiate something of the greatness, the richness of life, from which the word or deed proceeds. They do ordinary things in an extraordinary way. With them nothing that is done is commonplace.

It is upon such proof immediately accessible to the man of insight that the true greatness of Jesus rests, and the church would do well to use no other. Illustrative of this truth is the story of the journey through Judea, a part of which was read this morning. Jesus is coming within the great shadow of the cross. It is a fact that throws in bold relief the greatness of the spirit manifest in the incidents along the way as he journeys toward Jerusalem. When the multitude gathers about him he addresses them; but not as the ordinary man under persecution does, by appeal to passion and prejudice. On the contrary, thinking only of their need of light upon the pathway, he devotes himself to teaching them as his custom was. Love controls his action now as ever. The Pharisees, jealous of his influence, come with faces that bear the mark of insincerity, of supercilious hatred, seeking to entrap him with their casuistic question about marriage. The originality of greatness is revealed in the reply that according to nature it had been ordained that a man should leave his father and mother and cleave only to his wife in a real union of life, that would leave no room for such questions of legalism as the Pharisees had asked. The parents who bring their children are rebuked by the disciples, who are prompted by the conventional adult point of view as to the comparative importance of childhood's interests. Jesus rebukes the rebukers, and calls attention to the fact that children are the door to a better world, and that none can fully live who do not become as teachable and spontaneous in their joyous reaction to the world as children. The rich young man comes seeking assurance of an unending continuity of his good fortune, to be assured that though he has lived an exemplary life, he lacks the fundamentally important quality of a great self-surrender. He must lose his life to find it.

But the thought for the day comes out in response to the request of two of the little company of friends, James and John, who ask that they may be given places of distinction in the new political kingdom which they assume will soon be established. How the face of the Master must have fallen at such a request. Surely they knew not what they asked. They totally misunderstood the nature of his purpose and the laws by which life comes into possession of its richest rewards. To be exalted with him would imply suffering to which in spite of their words to the contrary they would shortly prove themselves unequal. Moreover, life's real rewards are not to be gained by personal influence but by personal achievement. They come with the achievement of personality; made great through devotion to great ends, in the realization of which life is poured out without reserve.

This incident leads to the clear and decisive enunciation of the great law of life which sounds the depths of human experience. Jesus calls attention to the fact that in the organized life of society about them, it is true that those who have the power "lord it over" or oppress those over whom they have authority; they use their power to compel those subject to that power to minister to their pleasure. To this end men seek preferment; and this preferment may at times be had through personal favor. But quite otherwise is it to be among those who seek life's lasting values, and who have other than selfish ends to serve. There, he that is greatest must be first in ministry. There, he that would be first must excel in service. There, the essential requirement is willingness and ability to devote all in a self-forgetful, loving ministry to human need. This is the law of life. It is a fundamental in the life of the spirit as gravitation in the physical world. It is universal in its application. The Son of man himself must yield obedience to its requirements.

The text is old. The truth is a truism. Because we have been so accustomed to hearing it we are likely to assume that there is in it no meaning beyond that which we have fathomed in our experience. Yet it is the most profound demand life makes of us at any time. It is indeed the narrow way over which few of us actually pass. It calls for a transformation in life fit to be called a "new birth." It calls for a transformation from the ordinary self-regarding motives, not unlike the change through which the grain of wheat goes when it falls into the ground and dies. To him who has gone through this experience, "old things indeed have passed away and all things have become new." He lives in a new world.

Some interesting studies are being made in this direction. A year ago in the *Atlantic Magazine* there appeared a notable article entitled "Twenty Minutes of Reality." A physician who had passed through a severe illness and was now convalescing described the new radiance which the world possessed for him as he sat upon the veranda of the hospital and looked out upon the blooming beauty of Spring. He had seen a succession of many Springs; but never the beauty, the glory, the mystic grandeur of this Spring. And he reasoned that it was because he saw with new eyes. He came to it with a freshness of view he had not possessed, at least since childhood. He had been a slave to a conventional and accustomed view of the world, but now his recent experience had prepared him to see the world with a freshness of view that lent to it a beauty surpassing anything he had ever imagined it possessed. And this view he contended was the view of the real world as the ordinary view is not. It is a significant and suggestive paper.

I have just read the story, "A Soldier of Life," with great interest. It witnesses in the same direction, as you will recall. This young Oxford graduate, who had mapped out two or three years of tutoring and travel, goes to the colors at the outbreak of the war. With striking vividness he pictures his inner reaction to the soldier life, dwelling again and again upon the awful boredom of it all. This arises, he feels, not so much from the routine of army life as from the revulsion of his soul against the sordidness of the whole affair in which innocent men butcher

other innocent men. So distracted is he that he feels tempted to push his head above the parapet as a mark for the snipers. Finally and "fortunately" he is wounded. "Fortunately," he says, because the physical pain he suffers from the wound is as nothing compared with the mental anguish he felt while engaged in the sordid business of killing. The bursting shell which wounded him temporarily destroyed his hearing. After a month this returns while on the train journeying homeward. Intensely interesting is the description of the reaction of this sensitive spirit as it again through eye and ear makes its contacts with the old world which it had known before the war. Old England of course has a new beauty. This any of us can appreciate who have been away from home in such danger. But beyond this goes the experience of this soldier of life. As a youth he had been familiar with the lines of Wordsworth:

> A primrose by the river's brim
> Only a primrose was to him
> Only that and nothing more—

And he had wondered what more it could have been. But now in it he sees a new meaning, a new glory in its expanding life, a new mystic promise in its profusion of beauty. He sees what before had not been there for him. Likewise does he find new meaning, new richness, new joy, and supernal glory in the simple relationships of the home where his mother and sister try patiently and tactfully to help him restore his health. In the story there is doubtless abnormality arising from a shattered nervous system; but there is surely more than this, there is a searching for life more abundant, which the author finds only when he comes to a new and assured religious faith, a new sense of life's mission, and grandeur as it may battle for the great ideals which have compelled the lives of the best of earth, in realization of enduring values.

Something of this kind is evident in that remarkable book "The Wrack of the Storm," by Maeterlinck. You will recall his burning words descriptive of the criminality of the act by which Belgium was devastated. But he ascends a greater height when after describing the devastation of his country which he loved as he loved his own life; and the poverty and suffering through which his people must pass before that country is restored, and then with triumphant spirit adds that they have learned that poverty and suffering have no power to destroy the peace of the life that knows a great love. It's a great truth reached through deep experience. One can but recall the words of Habbakuk, prophet of Israel in time of disaster:

> For thought the fig-tree shall not flourish,
> Neither shall there be any fruit in the vines;
> The labor of the olive shall fail,
> And the fields shall yield no food;
> The flock shall be cut off from the fold,
> And there shall be no herd in the stalls:
> Yet I will rejoice in Jehovah,
> I will joy in the God of my salvation.

Such words tell of joy that has its source deeper than the things that minister to comfort. They spring from life transformed from self-regarding motives to a great devotion not only to others, but to God who is for us the embodiment of all the lasting human values. It is here that life finds itself anew, and finds the point of view which makes the world new. First then in the enjoyment of life's deeper satisfaction are all who achieve this victory of self over self, which is life's most profound experience.

Need I mention the rarity of this point of view. To dwell upon that side endangers one's optimism. "Bread and the Circus," said a friend in a recent letter, "has been the aim of most Americans." Bread, and yet more bread, as if in preparation for some great famine that might come in their day or that of the children, has not this been the consuming flame, the desire that consumed all other desires? But relief from this there had to be, and this has been sought in the circus. I need not dwell upon the sordid side—the political corruption, the prostitution of the schools to the cupidity of crafty politicians, the shameful ways in which men and women have sought relief from a life which they found unsatisfying. There is a brighter side, of course. Though the way of life be narrow there is a way, and there are some in every land who find it. This number we believe is increasing encouragingly. But still there is significance in the fact that Tagore, the great Indian philosopher and poet, returned home with a sigh of relief at getting out of the materialistic atmosphere of our western civilization. There is point and serious significance in the saying of Bergson a few years ago that our civilization was "empty at the center." The external glitter lacked soul—life. Nietzsche, so often misunderstood, saw the truth and unceasingly and with great originality called the attention of the people of Germany to their lack of the soul-quality which makes for great intellectuality and creative power. He admitted that they had "scholars" with beer-soaked minds, but not intellectual men, he said. This required soul, great devotion, self giving, and this German universities lacked. "Treitschke," he said, writes history with an eye to the court, "and yet Treitschke is not ashamed." The self-regarding, the materialistic motive, was the worm that cut the root of German scholarship, and caused the flower that bloomed in the day of Goethe and Schiller to fade so quickly. The trouble is that the materialists have had their way with us for two generations. They have declared that what the prophets have seen was not there. They have all but convinced us that bread and the circus are the ends of life, and that physical forces are the means for their achievement. The self-regarding motive has been proclaimed as the fundamental law of life. Now we are beginning to see that it was a great lie, as we pay the penalty for our faithlessness. The blind and their leaders are falling into the ditch.

The self-regarding motive is inadequate. Shameful amusements and senseless extravagances are testimony to the truth that men cannot be satisfied with bread alone. Divorces and the accepted fact of domestic unfaithfulness bear witness to the inadequacy of the self-regarding motive to the establishment of a stable and happy home. So built the home is a house upon the sand. Self-giving is its fundamental law. Strikes and lockouts are but symptoms of the disease coming to the surface in our industrial life. Self-regarding motives are unequal to the task industry imposes upon them. They cannot bear the weight of the great superstructure. Churches have been established at the demand of denominational self-regarding interests, but the breakdown of the old heaven

and hell dogma has brought a revelation of the weakness of this sort of religious organization. The day of the sectarian church is all but done. And what shall I say of nationalism? Our assumption has been that national self-interest was to be accepted as the guiding principle of national conduct. Whatever may have been the individual faith of the men who have guided the affairs of the great nations they have obeyed this political creed; with a few illustrious exceptions. "Weighed in the balance and found wanting" is the inscription current events are writing in letters of blood across the face of this creed. Assyria sought in Israel opportunity to "lord it over," to compel to serve, and the same Gentile point of view has operated in national politics to this day.

"But it shall not be so among you." It shall not be so with any social organization that will stand the test. The one great hopeful fact in the world today is the growing recognition of this truth. The motive to enslave others must be hidden from the light of day, for the best conscience of all nations condemns it. All rulers feel compelled to disclaim such purpose. They must to hold the support of their people. This, indeed, gives hope, that in these dark days we shall come to a new appreciation of the importance of this truth that we shall compel its recognition in international organization. A little while ago the leaders in the field of industry trusted in force to keep down disturbance. Experience has taught them better. During the garment workers' strike in this city a few months ago, a leading firm sought the service of university professor as adjuster of all disputes. To him any man who felt he had been wrongly treated might appeal with assurance of a fair hearing and just treatment. Since then there has been no more trouble, and another firm, learning from the success of its competitor, has secured the service of another man trained in the point of view represented by Jesus in our text, and a similar success in eliminating strife has followed. Yesterday the wise men were saying that the Sermon on the Mount would wreck our whole social structure if practically applied; and that it must therefore be reserved for Sunday sermons and anthems. But in bitter experience we have learned the error of this notion, and are ready, let us hope, to take seriously the teaching of brotherhood and righteousness. "It shall not be so among you" are words that challenge the attention of the prophetic minds of men of affairs who are trying, and slowly succeeding in organization of life upon that principle.

Perhaps the church will see in this her opportunity. She should have a new confidence in her mission as the proclaimer of this principle upon which life must be organized. She may be sure that individual men cannot find life apart from the devotion to the whole of life which her faith requires. She has an unprecedented opportunity, or will have when there is time for reflection, to convince men by use of recent facts of experience of the essential and fundamental importance of her gospel of love. But to do this her members must first of all come to that point of view themselves. They must be willing to drink the cup of suffering, and be consumed with the passion for service. Her preachers must be more than priests who lead in ritual ministering to the *status quo* of society. They must be prophets of the new day. The prophet's task is to get people to like what they do not like. It is on this account that he is stoned. But it is on this account also that later generations having come to like what the prophet tried to get his contemporaries to like, build monuments to the prophets. The churches' preachers must be prophets. If they fail through self-regarding motive men will have none of them. Failing to serve even at the cost of life they will perish and the churches which tolerate them will likewise perish. The church has her great opportunity to call men to repentance, that is to the recognition of a new point of view, and to the task of building a world in which the chief place shall be given to him who is first in human, and the way is made even harder for him who seeks to lord it over others; a world in which instead of fear we shall see trust, where strife will give way to love; competition to co-operation, and where men shall find the way to distinction, the way of loving and self-sacrificing service. Such a world will come, and all the more quickly, because all men see the ruin of that built upon the other. To live and to help in the attainment of that goal of humanity is sufficient recompense for any suffering we may endure, sufficient reward for toil and heartache.

HOLLYHOCKS

I love and admire the spicy clove pinks
  That border my old fashioned garden walks;
The dear Johnny-jump-ups I greet with delight,
  But I take off my hat to the hollyhocks!

Tall and stately they stand by the wall
  Like staid little maids, but I'm hoping yet
Some moonlight evening to catch them all,
  Stepping out on the lawn in a minuet.

Clad in their dresses of red, pink and white,—
  All over the world no daintier frocks—
Prim little maidens, they seem to me
  So I take off my hat to the hollyhocks!

July, 1917. ALTHEA A. OGDEN.

WAS IT FOR THIS?

Was it for this I loved the world and saved it,
  Redeemed and sanctified it by my kiss,
Silenced the cry of anguish, pain and sorrow,—
  Was it for this?

That men should rend and soil, and break each other,
  Devise new tortures, finding therein bliss,
Destroy and ravage, burn and steal and slaughter,—
  Was it for this?

My hand wrought healing, and my voice brought comfort:
  The fire from heaven my will would not command:
And yet men slay, and slaying, call upon me
  In every land.

O men, forsake the hatred and the slaughter!
  My hands are still uplifted in pure love;
My feet were nailed in agony intenser
  Because men strove.

Is this the fruit of centuries of serving
  A God of Love—a Christ compassionate?
O world, acknowledge, bowed in deep contrition,
  Thou hast received me not.

The Venturer (London). —*B. B. Hoysted.*

The Attitude of the Conscientious Objector

By C. A. Sorensen, Lincoln, Nebraska

Address Delivered at Chicago, July 7, 1917, Before Second National Conference on Democracy and Terms of Peace.

Jesus of Nazareth was the first conscientious objector. When he said, "Peter, put up thy sword," a great principle was born. The Nazarene lost his life but the idea persisted, and ever since there have been men and women who believe more in brains than battleships, and more in souls than soldiers.

The conscientious objector is a fundamental democrat who cannot at any time or under any circumstances take part in war. In times of peace there are millions who do not believe in the efficacy of war, but the so-called conscientious objectors are the few who do not suspend their beliefs because of a change of policy on the part of the administration in power. These men and women lack elasticity of conscience, and have not the happy power of adjusting themselves in conformity to prevailing public opinion at any given time.

The gist of their philosophy is that free souls cannot destroy human life. Rightly or wrongly, they are convinced that killing a human being is murder, even though the knife is wiped on khaki cloth. They cannot conceive of righteous wars any more than of righteous burglary, righteous arson, righteous rape, righteous murder. War to them makes a "scrap of paper" of the Sermon on the Mount.

Understand clearly that the conscientious objector has no feeling of ill-will or antagonism toward the government. He will do nothing to hinder an efficient prosecution of the war. His deepest sympathy goes out to the President in his attempt to crush Prussianism in Europe. He is happy that Newton Baker, a democrat, is at the head of the War Department. His love goes out to the thousands of American boys who cross the Atlantic to die if need be for what to them is a great ideal.

He is not a carping critic. He will not oppose war measures for the mere satisfaction of creating trouble for those in power who, it may be, did not accept his views as to the proper manner of settling international grievances. He recognizes that as a whole the thousands who believe in this war are high-minded, honest and sincere. He will fight all attempts to Prussianize America and he will not permit American Prussians to ride into power on the war storm. He will refuse to be silenced, and every ounce of his energy will be spent if need be to keep alive the fires of liberty and democracy in his native land. But in doing so there will be no hatred, no grumbling, only a humble but resolute determination to spare his country from her internal enemies.

Those who oppose war for conscience's sake must follow a painful and lonely path. In the very nature of things governments cannot show sympathetic consideration for those who will not obey its mandate to kill. If it should treat with deference and appreciation all those in this country who lack enthusiasm to kill, there would be no army. As long as this country continues to lay burnt offerings on the altar of war, conscientious objectors must expect to be reviled and hated of men, honestly by some, as revenge by others. It is hard, very hard, to bear epithets, especially when uttered by persons whose allegiance to the cause of democracy began and will end with this war. But when war stalks in at the door, toleration flies out of the window.

In loneliness of soul the conscientious objector must plod his way through the weary months of war. His will be the feeling of one shoved aside, of being an outcast, of being one who is not wanted in his own country, of being pointed out as a leper. Only an imperishable faith in the ultimate triumph of his ideal will sustain him.

This conflict between the practice of the state and the ideals of the individual must perhaps always go on. Ever since organized nations sprang into existence, the standards of the prophets, the ideals of the teachers and priests, the dreams of the young men and women, have outstripped the practices of statesmanship.

Why is it that the conscientious objector will not shed human blood? Is it Christian superstition? No! (Personally I am not a Christian.) He simply dares to rely on the dynamic power of love to create order and justice on earth. He believes in the power of the human soul to achieve its boldest dreams through spiritual means.

After all it is rather hard to understand why individual morality does not apply to international relations. Wasn't Franklin right when he said there never was a good war or a bad peace?

The English soldiers have a little ditty which I am sure some about-to-be conscientious objector wrote. It follows:

> Damn the Kaiser, Damn the Huns,
> Damn the man who invented guns,
> Damn the army, Damn the war!
> O wot bloody fools we are!

Not elegant, I admit, but eloquent. And these Tommies have much support. It was their great statesman, Disraeli, who said:

> War is never a solution, it is an aggravation.

You will remember that our own John Hay, so long Secretary of State, said:

> War is the most futile and ferocious of human follies.

If the spirit of democracy were with us in human form this morning, would she command us for her sake to hate, curse and kill half-starved German boys? Would she smile on the men who in her name are planning to shell cities, starve civilians, blow the flesh of men to bits, and plunge bayonets and knives into human stomachs? May it not be that on the contrary she would cry, "You are stabbing *me!*" Would not her attitude be one of sorrow and respect? Sorrow for those who suffer ignorantly and needlessly for her sake; respect for those who, though they stab her, do it honestly and in the name of a great ideal. Would she not say, "Friends, my kingdom is advanced, not by the sword, but by the weapons of the spirit."

What finally shall be the course of the conscientious objector? He cannot directly or indirectly take part in the war. To do so would be a violation of the integrity of his soul. His stand there must be absolute and unequivocal. What can he do?

There is room in America for the pacifist and the soldier. Although they disagree as to means, both want democracy, both want human brotherhood, both want a new and greater America. Therefore, let each,

tolerant of the other, in his own way work for the common ideals.

The enemies of America are not all within the boundaries of the German Empire. There are financial Hohenzollerns in the United States. Industrial democracy is not yet visible. In most of the states one-half of the adult population is denied the ballot. Race hatred abounds. Poverty stalks abroad in the land. The poor grow poorer and the rich richer.

These are problems which no machine gun or submarine can solve, and these are the real problems which must be solved if democracy is to live. Let those who cannot fight in France fight the battles of freedom at home. The glory will not be as great, the results will be greater.

It is a hard road I have mapped out. The conscientious objectors must be prepared to lose position, friends and the good will of their community.

But the reward is great. By keeping aloft the torch of a great truth the time will swiftly come when man shall not kill his own kind and the world shall in truth be "safe for democracy."

The crest and crowning of all good,
Life's final star is brotherhood:
* * * *
Our hope is in heroic men
Star-led to build the world again,
To this event the mighty ages ran,
Make way for brotherhood, make way for man!

—*Edwin Markham.*

Catherine Breshkovsky, the Little Grandmother of the Russian Revolution

[No one who attended the great meeting held several years ago in the Auditorium in Chicago will forget the elevation of feeling, the clarification of judgment and the exaltation of the spirit when the above named Russian refugee, one who for a while had escaped Siberian exile, came to the platform to illustrate and enforce the simple story that was told largely by others.

Her persecutors followed her. There were further years of confinement and personal danger waiting her into which story the brave Samuel J. Barrows and his wife wove an American strand. Now after all these thirty years the little Grandmother is home again to lead the forces of democracy. The *Woman Citizen* reports the following extract from an address delivered before a big meeting at Moscow under the auspices of the League to Promote Equal Rights for Women. The ovation there given her should call for a world ovation for cheap and coarse are the triumphs of the battlefield compared to the conquering advance of this simple woman ununiformed, unhelmeted, without epaulets or sword. —EDITOR.]

"You have received me as a heroine. As a matter of fact, you have never heard of anything heroic done by me, unless it be that all my life I have held my post like a faithful soldier and have done my work quietly. At that, I could not do it all the time. Thirty-three years of prison and of Siberia kept me practically idle; only eleven years of 'underground life' gave me the opportunity to engage in the active work as my heart dictated. And that was not heroic work; it was ordinary, everyday work, yet the kind of work the people need.

"There is no need of heroic deeds. Unfortunately, many inactive persons imagine that it is necessary to do something wonderful, heroic—that one is either to sit in passive idleness, or else to ascend to the summit of a lofty mountain and there perform an act of such extraordinary heroism as would reverberate throughout the world. In consequence, these people sit idly at home and do nothing.

"To be sure, there are certain times and certain emergencies that demand and produce great talents, prodigious powers of mind and action, heroic deeds. But I want you to bear in mind that there is a great deal of work to be done in ordinary times—ordinary, not heroic, work that has to be done, that is of great importance and is much needed.

"My greatest treasure is my infinite love for the people. Many of those who worked and suffered with me shared that treasure. Only I have been more fortunate in that I happened to have a stronger constitution and survived, while the others succumbed. We all aimed at bringing light and freedom to the people. Now it is the duty of the survivors to work harder for the realization of that aim.

"It is my desire now to organize a great publishing house for the purpose of producing and circulating among the plain people the sort of literature they need—the books to be written in the simplest language, so that anyone can understand. It is likewise necessary to organize a corps of young people to engage in disseminating the literature throughout the length and breadth of the land. Within a few days I shall begin to work along these lines. I may, perhaps, be granted the use of a railroad car—I have no home—and travel from one end of Russia to the other, to meet and speak to those who need our word and deed."

CORRESPONDENCE

A Typical Letter

Perhaps the publication of the following letter will be forgiven in view of the fact that a few of our readers have tried to save us from our madness. It is simple truth to say that this Nebraska sister represents a much larger constituency in our correspondence than the ministerial reader represents, who writes: "UNITY ought to be carrying a very different message from which it is promulgating weekly." Perhaps we might retort that if the pulpits of the land could have seen their way to emphasize the brotherhood they profess and the Christianity they claim, the twentieth might not have been added to the gruesome centuries that have failed to Christianize the territory it claims as Christian:

Editor UNITY:

Thanks to your kindness I have received your paper for some time. It has inspired me to keep on having faith in humanity, though to me in these years of carnage and greed, humanity has been as putty in the monster hand of some Satanic spirit.

I have been trying to collect—*from myself*—$2 for some time for this splendid paper. It is worth $2, but my husband being a wage earner and myself not even that, I find it hard to place any funds other than those for the running expenses of the home.

Your impressions and expressions concerning this war have all been heartily supported by both my husband and myself.

Find enclosed $2 and a "God bless you" for all you are doing for America and for humanity.

Sincerely,

July 24, 1917. —— ——.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of Christianity into Universal Religion

A Biographical Study from Erasmus to Emerson

Being the Seventh Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study in the History and Practice of Religion, as Given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to His Classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

XXVII.

The Amelioration of Dogma; The New Orthodoxy

Bishop Colenso,	1814-1883
F. W. Robertson,	1816-1853
Horace Bushnell,	1802-1876
Henry Ward Beecher,	1813-1887
Phillips Brooks,	1835-1893

I honor both the Bible and the Church, but I revere the truth above all.—Colenso.

We have already discussed the enlargement of Christianity along the lines of social justice and economic equality. Today we will consider the enlargement of Protestantism from the inside, for want of a better name, we will call it the New Orthodoxy. We are still trying to find the forces that broaden, soften and make more ethical the religious life of the world. In line with our method whereby we take strides across generations picking up a man here and there, we will glance at the lives and influence of five men: Bishop Colenso, F. W. Robertson, Horace Bushnell, Henry Ward Beecher and Phillips Brooks.

Perhaps there is no class of people that it is harder for the avowed Liberal to be just to than the liberal orthodox, the man who stays inside of creeds and convictions which obviously he has outgrown, or else has succeeded in interpreting in his own way to give room to conscience. Many of the so-called orthodox pulpits are today filled by men who delight in the doctrine of evolution, who have long since laid aside as imperative the doctrine of a commercial atonement, and who do not lie awake nights in fear lest their neighbors be lost forever more in hell. These men have studied the books on biblical research, have them on their shelves and are familiar with their contents.

We want to understand such men and to appreciate them and at the outset will admit that they are honest men, men of tremendous influence and that they have accomplished a good deal.

Colenso's is the most interesting and charming story in the list. His father was a mineral agent in Cornwall; his mother a woman "beautiful in mind and person," died when John William was about fifteen, leaving behind her a beautiful, tender memory. Poverty came to the family through the flooding of the mines in which Mr. Colenso's money was invested, making it necessary for John to fight his own battles. He first went to Harrow and by tutoring earned his way through Cambridge. Before graduating he had written a text book on mathematics which proved a great success. He was profoundly interested in religion on the practical side. His mother had been an Independent, a Congregationalist, but somehow John thought that the Episcopal Church was broader than his mother's independency. He married in 1846 and after teaching and preaching for some years the opportunity came for which he had longed, to do missionary work in Africa, and he was offered the bishopric of Natal. In the Zulus he found a people of splendid physique, fine intelligence, high character and integrity of conduct. English bankers and commercial men would fasten around those native Zulus belts containing uncounted gold, start them off over the hills, across mountains, to swim rivers and avoid wild beasts, in perfect confidence that they would carry out their commission.

In a simpler and less scholastic way he did there what Sir William Jones did in India. He found that in order to administer the questions of right and wrong he must know the law of both sides, so he studied the language and habit of thought of the natives and learned to talk Zulu. His next effort was to put the English Bible into Zulu. With the help of his disciples he invented an alphabet and made a literary language out of the Zulu dialect. A printing shop was his next achievement, in which he taught his natives how to set type, not only growing a language but growing real Christian thought and spirit.

His first heresy trouble came in connection with his attempt to teach the natives about God. The name in their traditions and mother lore for ultimate sanctity and supreme reality he found to be unKulunKulu, which he adopted. This shocked the other missionaries, who accused him of not giving a new religion but simply strengthening the native superstition. The next difficulty came in telling the story of the Deluge, when a half Christianized pagan questioned, "Did it really happen that way? How did they have room? How were the animals fed?" Further along in the teaching, the thousands and thousands of soldiers occupying the Holy Land troubled the same intelligent pupil. Colenso for his own mental peace began to work on the mathematics of the Pentateuch and shortly obtained a leave of absence long enough to print in English his book on the Pentateuch, his first gun of the "Higher Criticism," now a commonplace. During his absence he was read out of the church, his heresy reported to England and his house and property taken possession of by the neighboring Bishop. The letters received by Colenso from his native friends are full of unconscious simplicity, quite apostolic and tender. They are printed in "The Story of Bishop Colenso," written by Florence Gregg and published by the Sunday School Association of London. The story is a charming and successful attempt to give to children a taste of the real wealth of literature and of history.

With a few exceptions the Church of England turned the cold shoulder to Colenso, but he was invited by Dean Stanley to occupy his pulpit at Westminster, which honor he declined to avoid involving his friend in theological complications, and at Harrow on speech day the boys gave him a double set of cheers. He returned to Africa in 1874 and in 1883 died among the people he loved so well.

We have three volumes of the "Life, Letters and Sermons" of Frederick W. Robertson. Robertson

was a man of military ancestry, ambitions and attitude, in fact prepared himself for a military career, but always with the purpose of rendering Christian service. As he studied his deeper nature asserted itself and he became one of the most spiritual exponents of the Episcopal Church then in England. He had a great breadth of sympathy and led spiritually along the lines that Colenso led critically. His story is that of a beautiful, sensitive, noble teacher who died young, but not until he had made, as a pioneer of the new theology, a great contribution to the spiritual life of England.

Horace Bushnell was born in Connecticut, where his father was a wool carder and farmer. Horace taught school, scratched through college, had a splendid mind and early found himself engaged in a ministry that was very non-Calvinistic, but so full of splendid power that he became easily the leader of the Congregational churches in New England. He traveled much on account of ill health and in California married a second time into a railroad company. He had much to do with the founding of the University of California and fathered many civic projects. His biographer says of him that if he had a passion outside of theology it was for good roads. His work on "Christian Nurture" affected American orthodoxy tremendously. Christianity was not something to be taken on but was a growth, a development, which should begin at the cradle and is unfinished at the grave. It was a big rebellious thought in orthdoxy, but Bushnell stayed in the inside and perhaps saw something beyond that which the Unitarians saw.

More dramatic, not so solid or so permanent in influence, nor so enlarging in message, was Henry Ward Beecher. The story that survives has a civic turn more than a theological. He threw himself vehemently into the anti-slavery movement. On one occasion he asked his congregation to buy a slave girl. Rose Terry drew a ring from her finger and placed it in the collection basket. Beecher took it and placed it on the finger of the girl, saying, "This ring symbolizes your freedom and with it I name you Rose Ward." On another occasion he threw a lot of chains bought in a slave market on the platform and stamped on them. He was full of dramatic power and in him American oratory reached its maximum. At the time when the sympathies of the English people were with the South, Beecher crossed the sea and was induced to make some public addresses. In Manchester he was greeted by a howling mob, a systematic disturbance was created and Beecher stood for three-quarters of an hour before he could speak. But when he did he turned the tide of English sentiment. The same thing occurred in Liverpool, and he probably saved England from the disgrace of siding with the South in its rebellion. Of course in Manchester the starvation argument was at its maximum. The Confederacy could have furnished all the cotton needed in England if she would break the blockade. They had so much cotton that a detachment of artillery crossed the Mississippi on a cotton bridge. Fires were built with cotton. There has been no higher heroism in our time than the heroism of the starving mill operatives in England who were willing to starve that the slaves might be free. Beecher was in some measure orthodox, but his theology was more emotional than scientific.

Edwin D. Mead once said: "Phillips Brooks is not only the greatest preacher in America, he is perhaps the greatest preacher in the world." Phillips Brooks was a great big Boston giant, six feet four inches and sound every inch of him. Episcopalian by birth he came to be an Episcopalian Bishop by grace rather than theology. There was some opposition among the formalists; he had preached in a Congregational pulpit and welcomed a Unitarian preacher into his church; but you could not keep a man like that down. He probably had more preaching power and over a wider range than any man in America. He did not have the intellect of Parker nor the literary insight of Channing, but something else. Arthur Brooks says of him:

> God the Father loving all men, man the child getting near to his Father, those were the thoughts that formed his being, and inspired his tongue, and crowned with glory his life and death.

When Brooke Hereford asked Bishop Brooks how he could say the Apostles Creed, he replied, "I don't say it, I sing it." He sang it with the ages, in the great chorus of history and of worship. He was more poet than philosopher. He interpreted religion in terms of the heart rather than the head, thereby changing forms and formulas, doctrines and creeds into the spiritual accumulation of the ages, and by staying inside the church injected a new meaning into the Christian faith of many. At the same time it is difficult to see how a man can preserve his intellectual integrity by expounding today. He needs to watch lest there be an element of insincerity in this adaptation of old creeds to new conceptions of religion.

Perhaps many men are inside the church because the Baptist, Congregational and other denominations are poorly equipped with heresy hunting machinery.

QUESTIONS.

(1) What are Bishop Colenso's literary contributions to the world? Horace Bushnell's?

(2) Tell of Bishop Colenso's ministry to the Zulus.

(3) What were Bushnell's two great hobbies?

(4) Compare the theology of all five men.

(5) What, apart from his ministry, was Henry Ward Beecher's contribution to his country?

NEED A LOT OF LOVING

Folks need a lot of loving in the morning,
The day is all before, with cares beset
The cares we know, and those that give no warning;
For love is God's own antidote for fret.

Folks need a lot of loving at the noontime—
In the battle lull, the moment snatched from strife—
Halfway between the waking and the croon-time,
While bickering and worriment are rife.

Folks hunger so for loving at the night time,
When wearily they take them home for rest—
At slumber song and turning out the light time—
Of all the times for loving that's the best!

Folks want a lot of loving every minute—
The sympathy of others and their smile!
Till life's end, from the moment they begin it,
Folks need a lot of loving all the while.

—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

CALL FOR A CONFERENCE OF CHRISTIAN PACIFISTS IN CALIFORNIA.

October 1st and 2d, 1917, at Long Beach.

The Conference of Christian Pacifists in California is called at the initiation of many Christian ministers and laymen, who notwithstanding their various religious and political beliefs, are united in open protest against the militaristic interpretation of Christianity. Grieved to note how the deep silence and confusion of the church on this great moral issue is often broken by an open endorsement of war, they desire to meet for prayer and conference in open convention, wholly independent of denominational or political control, and eager only to seek and to do the whole will of God. In so gathering they desire to manifest the spirit of Christian love toward all who disagree with them, and ask of their Christian brethren and fellowmen that kindly tolerance which is the grace of the Church of Christ upon earth.

The Federal Council of Churches in America, representing eighteen million Christian Protestants, in its May manifesto declares: "That mind (the mind of Christ), we do not all interpret alike. With sincere conviction some of us believe that it is forbidden the disciple of Christ to engage in war under any circumstance." The statement goes on to say that those holding such views in the church are, however, in the minority. The Conference of Christian Pacifists in California seeks to faithfully represent that minority. As a protesting minority in a matter of Christian conscience we desire to prove worthy of that respectful consideration to which the great issue of our dissent entitles us.

While our bond of union is a unanimity of Christian practice and not of creed, we substantially agree to the following:

1. We define Christian ethics as the practice of Christian love toward all men.

2. We affirm that for all Christians the actual and commanding exhibit of such ethics is to be sought in the life and spirit of Jesus Christ.

3. Inasmuch as the teaching, life and spirit of Jesus Christ afford no justification for war, but constitute a supreme protest against its sinful tempers and fruits, we find ourselves unable to engage in it, and feel called upon to dedicate ourselves to a program of Christian service and good-will to all men.

4. We declare our disbelief in nonresistance as commonly interpreted, and commit ourselves to the practice of endeavoring to overcome evil with good.

5. Our nation has expressed the desire to make the world safe for democracy. We as Christians are eager to make democracy safe for the world by Christianizing it.

6. We believe that it is incumbent upon the church to preach and practice Christian peace and good-will during war-time; and we fear that if the church "waits until the war is over," she may forfeit her right to speak with authority and to lead the world toward Christian practice.

We are persuaded that these convictions do not arise from any arbitrary or private interpretation of Scripture, but that they constitute the ethics of the New Testament itself, enforced by the witness of the Holy Spirit within our hearts, and confirmed by the teaching and practice of the early Christian Church.

We therefore call upon all who are in sympathy or substantial agreement with us to meet in conference at the time and place named above, that we may bear witness to our Christian faith and practice.

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ONLY A WEED

Alas, I'm not a flower,
But just a roadside bloom,
Without the radiant dower
Of the queen of June,—
And yet, the self-same Power
That gave the rose its hue,
Gave me my happy hour
That I might be with you.

—*Frederic A. Whiting.*

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